

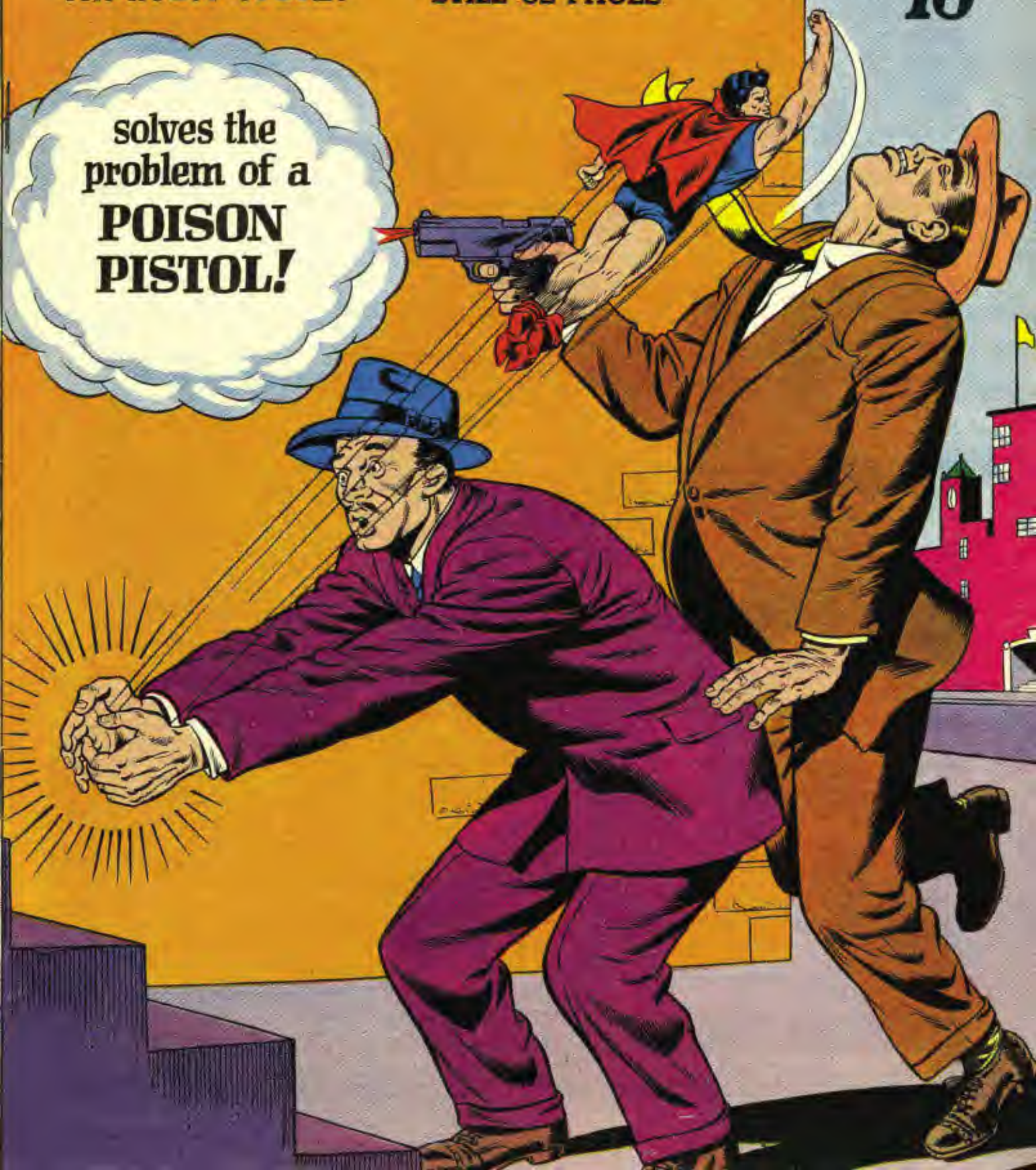
DOLL MAN

MARCH No.21

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USE THIS SPECIAL ORDER BLANK

THE DOLL MAN

When Darrel Dane employs his mighty, mystic will power, his body molecules concentrate into the **DOLL MAN**, magnificent mite of militant warfare against evil...



A blast from a puzzling pistol in the hand of an unknown killer meant dreadful death to any adversary, until the **DOLL MAN** came to find out **HOW** and **WHY**! Secrecy shrouds his movements... only Dr. Roberts and his daughter Martha, Darrel Dane's fiancée, know that Darrel and **DOLL MAN** are one and the same!

A quiet evening at the home of Dr. Roberts...



NO, MARTHA... YOU AND DARREL GO OUT AND ENJOY THE THEATER. I'M OLD ENOUGH TO WANT TO SIT BY MYSELF AT HOME... AND NOT OLD ENOUGH TO NEED COMPANY!

PERHAPS WE SHOULD SEND BACK AN EAGER BLONDE BABY SITTER... OR FATHER SITTER, DADDY!



DOCTOR... DOCTOR...

DR. ROBERTS, YOU MEAN? HE'S... HERE, COME INSIDE!



NO, MARTHA! HE'S DEAD!



LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT HIS FACE...

BETTER NOT LOOK, MARTHA! NO POINT IN SPOILING YOUR EVENING BEFORE IT'S EVEN BEGUN!



IT'S POISON, DARREL! ALL THE SYMPTOMS OF QUICK, DEADLY POISON!

BUT HE DIDN'T SWALLOW IT... HIS MOUTH AND LIPS SHOW NO TRACE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN INJECTED INTO HIM!

In the laboratory, as Dr. Roberts examines the body, Darrel Dane exerts his mighty will power... the stars sing in their courses with the mystic effort...



I SEE NO MARK WHATEVER ON THE SKIN!

PERHAPS SHARPER EYES, OF A SMALLER, MORE OBSERVANT PERSON, WOULD HELP...

...and Darrel Dane becomes the **DOLL MAN**!

NO, DOCTOR ROBERTS! I'VE GOT EYES CLOSER TO THE JOB...AND SHARPER...BUT I DON'T SEE A WOUND EITHER!

YES, COMMISSIONER, HERE IN MY LABORATORY! BETTER SEND A DETECTIVE AND A MEDICAL EXAMINER!

When the police arrive...

I KNOW THIS MAN, DOCTOR! HIS NAME'S ROOTVAR...AN EXPLORER! HE WAS IN TOUCH WITH ME EARLIER TODAY!

WE'D BETTER POOL OUR INFORMATION AND TALENTS, INSPECTOR, AND FIND OUT WHO KILLED HIM...AND WHY...AND HOW!



LET ME HANDLE IT ALONE, DOLL MAN! I'VE JUST WON MY PROMOTION...MAYBE SOLVING THE CASE SINGLE-HANDED WILL WIN ME ANOTHER!

BUT...

THAT INSPECTOR'S YOUNG AND AMBITIOUS...BUT MAYBE HE'S CARELESS! I THINK I OUGHT TO TAG ALONG JUST IN CASE!

DITTO FOR ME! I'VE GOT A NEWS-PAPER CAREER OF MY OWN TO CONSIDER! LET'S HURRY BEFORE OUR YOUNG SLEUTH GIVES US THE SLIP!

Soon...

I SEE HIM... GOING INSIDE!

IF ROOTVAR LIVED IN THIS SLUM, HE WASN'T A VERY SUCCESSFUL EXPLORER! LET'S FOLLOW THE INSPECTOR... QUIETLY!

MUST YOU VAULT OUT THE CAR WINDOW, DOLL MAN?

JUST TAKING THE QUICKEST WAY OUT!

A SHOT!

STAY HERE, MARTHA! I'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENED!

BANG!





Next morning...



And in a certain underworld headquarters...

WE'RE GETTING A NICE HUNK OF PUBLICITY, BOSS!

THIS MARTHA ROBERTS WROTE A FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT! SHE WAS THERE WHEN THAT SMART COP GOT UNSMARTENED!



LIKEWISE SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF DOC ROBERTS, WHO EXAMINED ROOTVAR'S BODY! I KIND OF FIGURE THE ROBERTS FAMILY OUGHT TO BE UNSMARTENED, TOO!

UH-HUH! IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE!



Within the hour... YOU KNOW MY NAME, SIR! BUT I DON'T KNOW YOU!

CALL ME CLANE! I WAS A FRIEND OF ROOTVAR, WHO DIED HERE! AND THANK HEAVEN I CAME HERE! QUICK, LET ME IN!



I KNOW THOSE TWO MEN LURKING THERE ON THE STREET! THEY WERE ROOTVAR'S ENEMIES... PROBABLY HELPED KILL HIM!

AND YOU THINK THEY MAY WANT TO KILL MY FATHER, MR. CLANE?



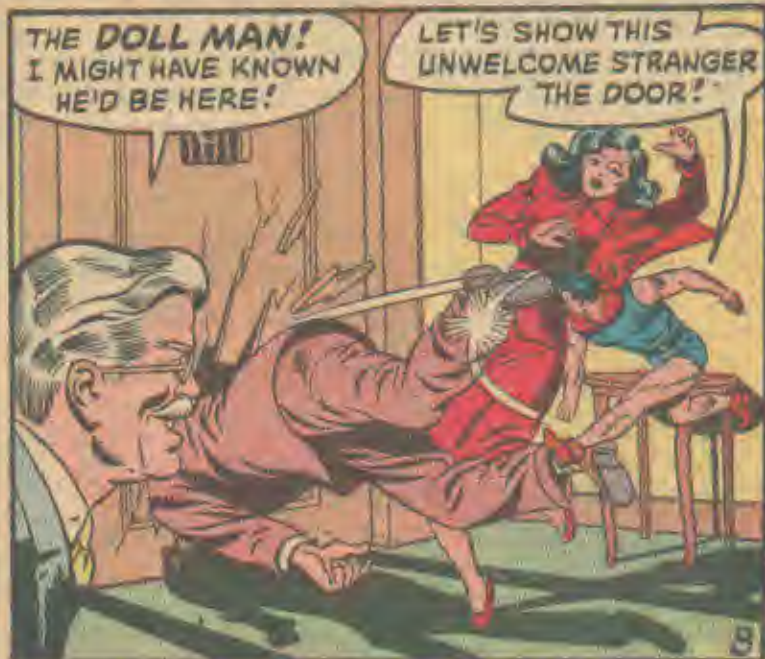
SUPPOSE WE NOTIFY THE POLICE... WAIT! THIS PHONE IS DEAD!

THEY PROBABLY CUT THE WIRES! THEY MEAN TROUBLE... LOTS OF IT!















Suddenly swinging up to the stone-flagged roof of the sewer tunnel, the Doll Man's powerful legs kick a loose stone...



DOLL MAN



The Doll Man



The peaceful setting is in Miami, with soft breezes, swaying palms and shimmering sands that stretch out along the shore of the warm Atlantic! But the illusion is shattered when the Doll Man becomes involved with kidnapping, murder and smuggling ... as he tries to unravel a tangled skein ... which is all tied up with

HUMAN CARGO!



I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET YOU COME WITH ME WHEN I FLEW THAT SHIPMENT TO CUBA—

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, JACK— YOU HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THIS WOULD HAPPEN!



OH, JACK— THEY'RE BACK AGAIN!

THAT'S RIGHT, SISTER— BIG LOUIE IS BACK! AND I'M THROUGH FOOLING AROUND WITH YOU TWO— NOW YOU'LL SEE I MEAN BUSINESS!



THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, STONE! DO YOU AGREE TO MAKE THOSE FLIGHTS WITH ME— OR DO I START GETTING ROUGH?

I TOLD YOU BEFORE— NOTHING DOING!



YOUR SISTER'S AT THE BREAKING POINT RIGHT NOW!

THAT'LL BREAK HIM TOO, BOSS!



HA, HA! JUST WHEN I UNTIE HER, SHE FAINTS!

OH HH!



ALL RIGHT— LET HER ALONE! I'LL MAKE THE FLIGHTS FOR YOU!

OKAY, ANDY— LAY OFF! I KNEW HE'D SEE THINGS OUR WAY!



A few days later, Darrel Dane, Martha Roberts, his fiancée, and her father are in Miami for a vacation—



HAVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS, DARREL? THREE MURDERED MEN WERE FISHED OUT OF THE OCEAN HERE LAST NIGHT!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK, DR. ROBERTS!

HMM...IT SAYS THE MEN WERE SHOT AND THEN DUMPED IN THE OCEAN! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



NOW, DARREL—WHY NOT TAKE IT EASY AND ENJOY YOUR VACATION—

I CAN'T BE HAPPY JUST SITTING AROUND, MARTHA! I'LL TAKE A RUN OVER TO THE MORGUE AND HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE BODIES!



Later...

NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THE BODIES, I WONDER IF I MIGHT HAVE A LOOK AT THEIR CLOTHING AND BELONGINGS?

SURE, MR. DANE! THEY'RE RIGHT IN THE OTHER ROOM!



WHAT'S THIS? THERE SEEMS TO BE A PIECE OF PAPER BEHIND THE LINING OF THIS JACKET!



BIG L...
MARTHA,
FLIGHTS
LEAVE
S.A.M.



IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT...THIS MAY PUT THE DOLL MAN ON THE TRAIL OF THE GUY WHO'S BEHIND THESE MURDERS!







DOLL MAN

Half an hour later...

OWW... MY HEAD! BUT... SAY! LOUIE TOLD ANDY THE HIDEOUT'S ON OCEAN STREET! THAT'S RIGHT NEAR WHERE I LEFT THE DOLL-PLANE... ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN!



MEANWHILE...

AFTER SEEING YOU TWO GUYS MURDER THOSE MEN ON THE LAST FLIGHT, I HAD ENOUGH! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO, BUT I'M NOT FLYING YOUR PLANE AGAIN!



HEY, LOUIE... HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO FORGET THAT WE HAVE HIS SISTER!



YEAH, STONE... AND THIS'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER IDEA WHAT SHE'LL GET IF YOU DON'T FLY FOR US!

OH!!



PUT HIM IN THE OTHER ROOM AND TIE HIM UP UNTIL WE'RE READY TO TAKE OFF! HE'LL COME AROUND... DON'T WORRY! HA, HA!

RIGHT, BOSS!



A short time later...

THE DOLL MAN! TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!



I'M JACK STONE... A PILOT! BIG LOUIE IS HOLDING MY SISTER IN THE NEXT ROOM! HE'S THREATENED TO KILL HER IF I DON'T SMUGGLE MEN INTO MIAMI BY PLANE!

WERE THREE OF THOSE MEN KILLED AND THROWN INTO THE OCEAN?



YEAH... WE WERE NEARLY OUT OF GAS AND HAD TOO MUCH WEIGHT, SO LOUIE SHOT 'EM AND TOSSED THEM OUT OF THE PLANE!

JUST STAY HERE AND PLAY ALONG WITH THEM, STONE! I'LL SEE ABOUT YOUR SISTER!





NICE GOING, LOUIE... YOU REALLY TOOK CARE OF THE DOLL MAN THAT TIME!

YOU BET I DID! COME ON... THE TRUCK'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! AND AS LONG AS STONE THINKS WE STILL HAVE HIS SISTER, HE WON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE!



Soon...

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS... GO AHEAD INSIDE!



AT A THOUSAND DOLLARS A HEAD FOR THESE DOPES - THIS ISN'T A BAD HAUL!

I PAY YOU MY LIFE SAVINGS? YOU GET ME WORK ON FARM LIKE YOU SAID?

STOP WORRYING! WE'RE SMUGGLING YOU INTO THE STATES, AIN'T WE? YOU'RE GETTING OFF CHEAP!



GET THESE MEN OUT TO THE FIELD AND ON THE PLANE! I'LL GO AFTER STONE!

GOT YA, BOSS!



LITTLE REMINDER AGAIN, STONE! YOU GIVE US A BAD TIME... AND YOUR SISTER GETS IT!

ALL RIGHT, LOUIE... AS LONG AS YOU DON'T HARM ANNE, I'LL FLY FOR YOU!



Outside...

HERE COMES LOUIE NOW WITH STONE! YOU GUYS CAN START WARMIN' HER UP FOR THE TAKE-OFF!

RIGHT!



Meanwhile, inside the warehouse...

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A PLANE MOTOR... THEY MUST BE GETTING READY TO TAKE OFF! GOOD THING THE DOLLPLANE IS NEAR HERE! I MUST TRY TO STOP THEM!



Minutes later...

I CAN HEAR JACK'S SHIP TAKING OFF! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!



SPEED, SPEED, SPEED! C'MON, DOLLPLANE!



LANDING ON THEIR PLANE WILL BE A NEAT JOB... IF I CAN DO IT!



MADE IT! BUT THE WIND SURE IS POWERFUL HERE! I'LL HAVE TO TIE THE DOLLPLANE DOWN WITH A PIECE OF ROPE!



Minutes later...

GLAD THESE CABIN WINDOWS HAVE AIR VENTS? IT'S A TIGHT SQUEEZE THOUGH, EVEN FOR THE DOLL MAN!



LOOK! A LITTLE MAN!

A S-SPIRIT OF THE UPPER WORLD, PERHAPS?

T-THEY DID NOT S-SAY WE WOULD SEE SUCH THINGS!





DOLL MAN

GRACIOUS! I'VE
NEVER BEEN
SO ASHAMED
OF ANYONE IN
MY LIFE!

TORCHY







THIS SOUNDS LIKE MY CHANCE!
WITH **HER** HELP, I'LL TEACH
THESE PRIGS A LESSON AND MAKE
A FORTUNE...
TOO! NO MORE
PETTY
CRIME
IS RIGHT!



REMEMBER,
MISS, IF THERE'S
ANYTHING YOU
WANT... JUST
ANYTHING!

THANK
YOU!

GRACIOUS...
THE DOCTOR
TOLD ME TO GET
AWAY FOR A FEW
DAYS' REST! I
WONDER IF BEING
HYPNOTIZED IS
RESTFUL?



BOY! HERE'S
TEN BUCKS IF
YOU TELL ME THE
ROOM NUMBER
OF THE BABE
YOU JUST TOOK
UP!

SIR! DO YOU
THINK FOR A
MERE TEN
DOLLARS I
WOULD REVEAL
THE ROOM...
NUMBER OF...
THE LADY... IN...
1423-F? THAT
IS...



FINE! IF YOU DON'T
WANT TO TALK, I'LL
KEEP THE TEN!
WHERE'S THE
PHONE?

GEE, HE
MADE ME
FEEL FUNNY!
THEM EYES!
NOW WHAT
DID HE WANT?

OVER
THERE!



IS THIS 1423-F? MISS
TODD... THIS IS MR. EYE-
SORE! MR. BUSS ASKED
ME TO GIVE YOU A
PRELIMINARY HYPNOT-
IC TEST! CAN YOU
MEET ME DOWN-
STAIRS IN HALF AN
HOUR?



B-BUT I THOUGHT MR.
BUSS WAS TO-- WELL,
ALL RIGHT!

I CAN'T REFUSE
THAT WONDERFUL
OLD MAN ANYTHING!
ONLY I DIDN'T LIKE
MR. EYESORE'S
LOOKS!





—YOU ARE NOW COMPLETELY WITHOUT FAULTS! FOR A TEST, I'LL LEAVE THIS BOX OF MONEY WITH YOU, UNGUARDED! YOU WON'T EVEN TOUCH IT!

FOOL! SHE'S IN MY POWER! SHE CAN'T HEAR A WORD THAT OLD BLISS IS BLATTING!

GENTLEMEN, THAT BOX CONTAINS A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS... ALL I HAVE IN THE WORLD! YET I KNOW IT'S SAFE!

YUK! YUK! TORCH, TAKE THE JACK AND DUCK! MY CAR'S AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE! HURRY!



A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS! BLISS, OLD BOY, PREPARE TO BE BLITZED!



NOW IF I CAN ONLY FIND A WAY TO ELIMINATE THAT MR. EYESORE!



YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN! MY THEORY OF... ULP! WH... WHERE ARE YOU, MISS TODD? MISS TODD!

SHE'S GONE!

CALL THE POLICE!



TURN RIGHT... STOP AT THE FIRST CABIN... MY PRIVATE WORKSHOP... AND BRING THE LOOT INSIDE! I'LL JOIN YOU LATER... YOU MUST OBEY ME!

AND... HUSH UP! YOU—YOU BACK-SEAT DRIVER!



NOW THAT I'VE COME TO MY SENSES, I WOULD NEVER DREAM OF SHARING THIS EVIL LOOT...

YOU'LL DREAM EVEN MORE BAD, WHEN I CONTINUE THE EXPERIMENTS HERE IN THE PRIVACY OF MY OWN WORKSHOP! THAT IS, I... I...

I KNEW YOU'D REGRET THIS AS MUCH AS I HAVE! BECOME A DECENT MEMBER OF SOCIETY! RETURN THIS MONEY!

WHY, YOU... YOU'RE RIGHT... OF COURSE! JUST AS YOU SAY...



I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY! I'M SORRY!

THERE! THERE!



Minutes later...

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THAT LOVELY CHILD...



M-MISTER BLISS, HERE'S YOUR MONEY AND HERE'S MR. EYESORE! HE MADE ME TAKE IT, BUT HE'S REFORMED! I REASONED WITH HIM!



OH, MY DEAR, I'M SO HAPPY! IT WASN'T THE MONEY--IT WAS THE PRINCIPLE OF...

SAY, BLISS! MR. EYESORE IS UNDER HYPNOSIS! IS THIS GIRL ONE OF US?



MR. PRESIDENT, YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS IS THE CROWNING TOUCH TO MY THEORY!

H-HYPNOTIZED! BUT I COULDN'T DO THAT! I NEVER DID SUCH A THING IN MY LIFE!



FRIENDS, I TOLD YOU HYPNOTISM COULD INDUCE VIRTUE! NOW I'VE PROVED EVEN MORE! THIS YOUNG LADY IS SO VIRTUOUS, SHE INDUCES HYPNOTISM!



Belated Bonanza

DARREL DANE stopped his car in front of a small, tumbledown shack, saying lightly, "Your work takes you to some desolate spots, Dr. Roberts, but this Mohave Desert gets my vote as the worst."

"Darrel, my boy," the Doctor replied seriously, "when you're surveying the mineral resources of our country, no place is too remote."

Martha, Dr. Roberts' daughter and Darrel's fiancée, stepped from the car with a sigh of relief. "Any place where I can stretch my legs, looks good to me," she said. "The way you have the car piled with ore-sampling equipment, I can hardly breathe."

As the trio approached the weather-beaten shack angry voices came through the partly open door. "You're a blamed, stubborn old fool, Tim Scott," a heavy rumbling voice shouted. "I'm offering you twice the value of this worthless land. The mine's played out, but you're too cussed to admit it."

"If I weren't in bed with a broken leg, Bart Snyder," a wheezing voice answered, "you wouldn't be talking like that. My mine produced once, and it'll produce again. You can graze your scrawny cattle someplace else."

As Darrel rapped on the door the voices became silent, then the voice whose owner had been addressed as Tim Scott called, "Come on in."

When the eyes of the three visitors were accustomed to the gloom, they made out a wiry little man whose angry face was as red as his hair. He was propped up in a bunk bed, and was wearing a plaster cast on his right leg. "I'm Tim Scott," he said, "and this rattlesnake who's just leaving is Bart Snyder."

Standing sullenly in the center of the room was a huge, dark-visaged man who scowled in their direction. "That ornery old goat is trying to starve my cattle so's he can work a played-out mine."

Darrel introduced himself and his friends, then added, "We would like to look over your mine, Mr. Scott. It sometimes happens that when one ore is exhausted, other minerals are left that are just as valuable."

"That's what I've been telling this horned toad," Scott cackled. "Go ahead; there's a generator for the lights out back. You can find your way all right."

"You're a fool, Tim Scott," Bart exploded. "to let anyone go into that mine. 'It's a death trap. It almost got you.' Turning to Dr. Roberts, he warned, "Take my advice, mister, and don't bother that mine."

In the mine that afternoon Darrel moved down the shaft, playing the beam of his flashlight on a pile of rocky debris. "This looks like the place where Tim Scott was injured," he said to Martha and Dr. Roberts. "Funny he couldn't recognize the signs of a cave-in." He glanced down and knelt quickly. "I'm no minerologist, Dr. Roberts," he went on, "but this vein looks promising."

At that moment the dim electric lights strung in the mine, flickered, then went out.

Darrel probed his light toward the entrance. A deep rumbling vibrated the ground, and the tunnel was filled with a dry, smothering dust. "You two better stay here," he said. "I'll see what's wrong."

When Darrel reached the entrance he found it blocked by dirt.

"There's only one hope of getting out of here," he thought. Bringing his tremendous will power into play, he completed the transition into tiny, dynamic Doll Man. In a blur of speed, the little figure climbed the pile of earth and dug furiously. Soon his driving energy had burrowed a small tunnel large enough for his miniature body. After a few more precious minutes he had extended the tunnel to the outside.

The cool evening air soothed his dust-choked lungs and he drank it in gratefully. A full moon was rising, silvering the flat prairie before him. A dark figure, moving in the shadows from a small shed to the rear of the old miner's shack, started toward the mine. Doll Man raced to meet the figure shouting, "Hurry with the tools—we haven't much time!" The man looked down in amazement.

"Doll Man," he rumbled, "what are you

DOLL MAN

doing here? I didn't know you were——"

"I might ask why you're carrying dynamite instead of a pick and shovel," the Doll Man interrupted. "We can't blast that slide out. It would kill anyone in the tunnel."

"No meddling tenderloin are going to queer Bart Snyder's plans," the big man snarled, "nor a pint-sized mule's either." Catching Doll Man unawares, Snyder kicked viciously, sending the little man sprawling in the dust.

Doll Man was on his feet quickly, but not before Bart had lit the fuse and thrown the dynamite at the entrance. Before it struck it exploded with a hollow roar, flinging both men to the ground.

Ignoring the prone Snyder, Doll Man raced to the smoking mine entrance. The blast had removed the earth which had blocked it, but he could hear the rumble of rocks falling deep below. Heedless of danger Doll Man ran into the mine, but when he reached the end of the shaft, neither Dr. Roberts nor Martha were to be seen. Crouching in the darkness, Doll Man located the emergency lantern in Dr. Roberts' sample bag and flashed it on.

His tiny heart sank as he looked down. A section of the floor had given way and a deep pit yawned at his feet. However, when he framed the light down into the hole, he smiled. Dazed, but unhurt. Martha and Dr. Roberts blinked into the beams of light.

Doll Man leaped down into the pit, saying joyfully, "Martha, Doctor, you're all right."

"I guess so, Doll Man," Martha replied shakily. "Daddy was examining the vein you found when the ground gave beneath his feet. I came down to help him, and then there was that terrible blast."

"You're lucky you were down here," Doll Man said thankfully. "You were protected from the concussion."

Dr. Roberts recovered his light and trained it on a dark grey mass of crystals imbedded in the walls. "You were right, Doc! Man," he said. "This ore is a high grade of wolframite—more valuable to us than gold."

"I had a hunch Bart Snyder knew this mine was still valuable," Doll Man said. "No one is that anxious to buy worthless property."

Doll Man helped Martha and her father from the hole, then climbed out himself. "We better get out of here before this mine lets go again."

As they were emerging from the entrance, Doll Man spotted a figure running toward a light truck parked at the side of the house. Immediately the mighty mite took up the chase, the roar of the truck motor spurring him to prodigious effort. Just as the vehicle began to move, he climbed in the window.

Snyder was a formidable opponent, but he was no match for the flying fists of the dynamic Doll Man. With a groan the big man collapsed against the steering wheel. The truck coasted to a stop, and the triumphant Doll Man dragged the limp form out from behind the wheel.

Later, the trio left the office of the town's sheriff, where they had deposited Bart Snyder. They headed once more into the desert. "Well," Darrel Dime said, "Tim Scott's faith in his mine paid off, now that we've found it rich in tungsten ore."

"Yes," Dr. Roberts said, "and that one will make the tools to keep our industries strong, so that men like Bart Snyder will never be able to take what is not theirs . . . thanks to Doll Man."

STATEMENT OF THE UNDERSIGNED MANAGEMENT AND CORPORATION EMPLOYED AT THE SITE OF DISCOVERY OF ARRESTED B. AND
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18 Jan. 1970; received at journal 11 March 1970; Vol. 1, No. 18-February 1, 1971

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The French Government, Switzerland, and other neutral nations working in Belgium, I put out in May of 1914 several of these newspapers in other countries and all these countries received them.

[illegible]

PROPERTY OF - SECURITY
GROUP 1

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The DOLL MAN

The very name **SNARE** was enough to send chills through law-abiding citizens! It was Snare's ambition to catch whole cities in a mantrap of crime!

But he reckoned without the **DOLL MAN**! When Snare began to meddle in the affairs of Darrel Dane he did not know he was meddling with the Doll Man, too!





YOU CAN'T BLAME HER, BUT SHE'S MAKING IT EASY FOR THE KIDNAPPERS. I'LL GO TO THE POLICE ANYWAY—WITHOUT THE NOTE!

IF YOU DO, YOU MAY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GIRL'S DEATH!



I FEEL SORRY FOR THAT POOR WOMAN, DARREL!

SO DO I, MARTHA!



I CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT! I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE POLICE!

HEAR THAT? WE'D BETTER TELL THE BOSS!



Darrel Dane sees his fiancée home, and—

I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO HEADQUARTERS, MARTHA!

I THINK YOU'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION, DARREL!



I SYMPATHIZE WITH MRS. CRYSTAL'S FEELINGS, BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE—HELLO! SOMEBODY DROPPED FIFTY CENTS!

SOME GOOD LUCK TODAY, ANYWAY—

OH!!



IT WORKED, BOSS!

THIS GUY MUST HAVE THE CONSTITUTION OF AN ELEPHANT! THAT COIN WAS WIRSD TO THE POWER LINE UNDER THE STREET—IT WOULD KILL AN ORDINARY MAN!



DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN

By a superhuman effort of will, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body and becomes a diminutive daredevil -- **THE DOLL MAN!**



THE STOVEPIPE WOULD CERTAINLY BE TOO SMALL FOR DARREL DANE... BUT I'LL BET IT'S JUST RIGHT FOR THE DOLL MAN!



I'M FREE -- BUT THERE GO THE KIDNAPPERS!

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT AFTER WE GET THE DOUGH! WE'LL JUST RUB OUT LITTLE SUSIE CHATHAM AND THE SNOOPER NICE AND EASY LIKE!



I'D NEVER CATCH UP WITH THEM ON FOOT... BUT MAYBE THIS PLAN WILL WORK!



BEING SMALL HAS ITS ADVANTAGES!



AND THIS IS ONE OF THEM!



THIS HANDKERCHIEF MAKES A HANDY PARACHUTE -- AND THERE'S THE KIDNAPPERS' CAR!

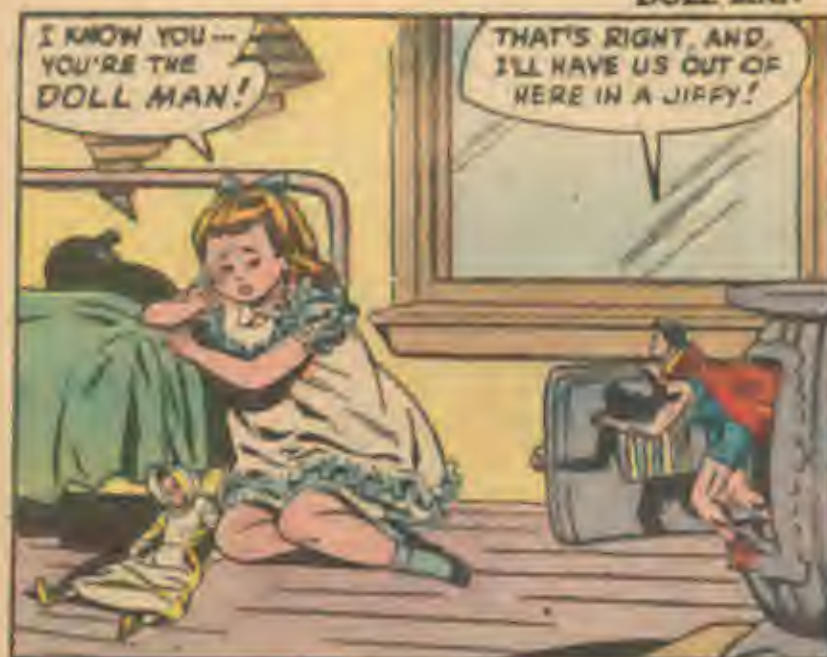


DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN





As the
door
opens
there
is no
sign
of the
DOLL
MAN!



DOLL MAN





DOLL MAN

In a matter of seconds the Doll Man becomes Darrel Dane again...

THE TRAP DOOR IS CLOSED! BUT AS DARREL DANE I CAN STAND UP UNTIL I FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE!



THIS MUST LEAD SOMEWHERE! ONCE I'M FREE I'LL CHANGE BACK TO THE DOLL MAN ONCE MORE!



THIS MUST BE THE WAY OUT... OH, OH!

WE'LL DIVIDE THE MONEY AND THEN -- LOOK! THE GUY WHO WANTED TO TELL THE COPS!



SHOULD'VE SWITCHED BACK TO THE DOLL MAN SOONER! I CAN'T CHANGE NOW WITHOUT GIVING AWAY MY SECRET!

I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOU, SNOOPER! I GOT RID OF THE DOLL MAN... NOW I'LL FINISH YOU!



YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS ROOM! I'LL BE LISTENING WHEN YOU START SQUAWKING FOR HELP!

THIS IS CURTAINS FOR YOU, SNOOPER!



YELL AS LOUD AS YOU WANT, WISE GUY! NOBODY WILL PAY ANY ATTENTION!

THIS ROOM HAS STEEL WALLS... I WONDER!



UN-OH! THE CEILING COMES DOWN AND SQUASHES ME FLAT... UNLESS I LET THE DOLL MAN TAKE OVER!





DOLL MAN



TWO DOWN
AND YOU'RE
LAST OF THE
WELL-KNOWN
SNARE!

UGH!



I'M BEATEN BUT NOT
CAUGHT! I GET
AWAY—YOU CAN BET
ON THAT!

NOT UNLESS
YOU CAN
OUTRUN
ME!



ONCE THROUGH
THIS DOOR I'LL
BE FREE—
OOOF!

FIRST WE MUST
HAVE A COZY
TALK, SNARE!



VERY WELL,
DOLL MAN!
YOU ASKED
FOR IT!

I DON'T
LIKE
KNIVES,
SNARE!



IN FACT, KNIVES
MAKE ME LOSE
MY TEMPER!

OOH!



MY LITTLE GIRL WAS
KIDNAPPED RIGHT HERE,
OFFICER! I PAID THE
MONEY, AS THE RANSOM
NOTE SAID, BUT SHE
HASN'T BEEN
RETURNED!

YOU SHOULD HAVE
COME TO US FIRST,
MRS. CHATHAM—
LOOK!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT
BUSINESS ABOUT THE KID
FADING INTO THIN AIR—BUT
MAYBE THE DOLL MAN
WILL HAVE AN
EXPLANATION!

I HAVE,
OFFICER—
AND IT'S
RIGHT
HERE!



ROPE 'EM BOTH, PARTNER!

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And to think they used to call me

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